her aboord ſuddainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe rogueing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne, Ile ſweare ſhees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but Ile ſee further: perhappes they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if ſhee remaine,

Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Baudes.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pandar. Search the Market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much money this mart by being too wenchleſſe.

Bawd. wee were neuer ſo much out of Creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to bee vſde in euerie trade, we ſhall neuer proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſaiſt true: tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe, But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawde. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pan-

Pandor. Thou ſayeſt true, ther's two vnwholeſome a conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that laye with the li tle baggadge.

Boult. I, ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſtmeate for wormes, but Ile goe ſearch the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youths we could picke vp ſome prettie eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch't, beſides the ſore tearmes we ſtand vpon with the gods, wil be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maiſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, if you like her ſo, if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult ha's ſhe anie qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceſſitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult.

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